

H Y M N S ²

FOR THE

FESTIVALS,

And on other

Hymns
16

SOLEMN OCCASIONS.



PORTSMOUTH:

Printed by G. JONES, in Oyfter Street.
M.DCC.XLVIII.

H Y M N S

FOR THE

FESTIVALS

OF THE

SOLEMN OCCASIONS



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FOR THE

FESTIVALS, &c.

For Christmas Day.

HYMN I. The Angel's Song, Luke ii,
from Verse 8 to 15.

*To St. James's Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

WHILE Shepherds watch'd their
Flocks by Night,
All seated on the Ground,
The Angel of the Lord came
down,

And Glory shone around.

‘ Fear not, said he (for mighty Dread

‘ Had seiz'd their troubled Mind)

‘ Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring

‘ To you, and all Mankind.

, To you, in David's Town, this Day

‘ Is born of David's Line,

4 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

- The Saviour who is CHRIST the Lord ;
 - And this shall be the Sign.
 - The Heav'nly Babe, you there shall find,
 - To human View display'd ;
 - All meanly wrapt in swathing Bands,
 - And in a Manger laid.
- Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining Throng
Of Angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful Song :
- All Glory be to God on high,
 - And to the Earth be Peace,
 - Good Will, henceforth, from Heav'n to Men
 - Begin and never cease.
-

H Y M N II.

*To the 100 Psalm Tune, or any other of eight Syl-
lables in each Line.*

HARK how the Seraph sweetly sings,
• Give Glory to the King of Kings ;
• Peace be on Earth, and Mercy mild,
For God and Men are reconcil'd.
• Let universal Nature say
• The Saviour Christ is born to day.
• Christ——by the highest Heav'n ador'd ;
• Christ——the eternal gracious Lord.
Hail then, the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace ;
Hail ye the Sun of Righteousness ;
Both Light and Life to all he brings.
With Healing in his Wings for Sins.
Mildly he lays his Glory by ;
Born——that Mankind no more may die :
Born——for to raise the Sons of Earth,
Born——for to give them second Birth.

Come

H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Come then Desire of Nations, come,
And fix in us thy humble Home:
First Adam's Likeness, Lord, efface,
And stamp thy Image in its Place.

Blest second Adam from above,
O reinstate us in thy Love:
Let us tho' lost, thee once regain,
Thee Christ, our Light, the Inner Man.

H Y M N III.

*To St. David's Tune, or any other of eight and
six Syllables.*

WHAT Words, what Voices can we
bring,

Which Way our Accents raise,
To welcome the mysterious King,
And sing a Saviour's Praise?

What earthly Harmony can reach
Up to a Theme so high?

When Angels ne'er cou'd soar that Pitch,
Who dwell above the Sky.

Lo! Heav'n this Day, descends to Earth,

Th' Immortal, Mortal grows;

Made Man, by this stupendious Birth,

To quell our deadly Foes.

In swadling Bands the God-head lies,

To human Flesh debas'd;

That we, his dearly-ransom'd Prize,

Might be to Glory rais'd.

Long let the universal Frame,

The great Redeemer sing;

And Men and Angels at the Name,

Bow to the mistick King.

Redemption

6 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Redemption be the gen'ral Sound;

This Day no Grief appear:

Who'll mourn, when Christ from ev'ry Face

Will wipe off ev'ry Tear?

O 'tis too little all we can

For this unbounded Love;

All that was ever writ by Man,

Or sung in Hymns above.

But tho' we can't fit Language find,

We praise, believe, adore;

With joyful Hearts, and Souls resign'd,

And wish we could do more.

An Ode for Christmas.

Taken from Mr. POPE's MESSIAH.

*To Chichester Tune, or any other of six Lines and
eight Syllables.*

PEACE, o'er the World thy Wand extend,
And Innocence, from Heav'n descend;
Fly Time, and rise the wish'd for Morn;
Oh! spring to Sight, blest Babe, be born,
See Nature hastes her Wreaths to bring
With all the Incense of the Spring.

See! Lebanon, his Head advance;
See! Forests, on the Mountains dance;
See! spicy Clouds from Sharon rise,
And Carmell's Top perfumes the Skies;
Hark!— a glad Voice the Desert cheers—
Prepare the Way— a God appears!

A God— a God— the Hills reply—
The Rocks proclaim the Deity:

Lo!

H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Lo! Earth receives him from the Skies!
Sink down ye Hills—ye Vallies rise;
Ye Cedars bow, and Homage pay—
Be still ye Rocks—ye Floods give way.

The Saviour comes, so long foretold;
Hear him ye Deaf—ye Blind behold—
From Films he'll purge the visual Ray,
And on dark Eye-balls pour the Day:
Th' obstructed Paths of Sound he'll clear,
And bid New Music charm the Ear.

The Dumb shall sing—the Lame shall go
And leap exulting like the Roe:
Nor Sigh, nor Moan, the World shall hear;
He'll wipe each Face from ev'ry Tear:
In lasting Chains shall Death be bound,
And Hell's grim Tyrant feel the Wound.

For Easter-Day.

H Y M N I.

*To St. Anne's Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

*SINCE Christ, our Passover, is slain
A Sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
To keep the Festival.

Not with the Leaven, as of old,
Of Sin and Malice fed;

But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
And Truth's unleaven'd Bread,

† 1 Cor. i. 7.

† Christ

8 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

† Christ being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
And rescu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more; Death shall on him
No more Dominion have;
• For that he dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
He once vouchsaf'd to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God,
For all Eternity.
¶ So count yourselves as dead to Sin,
But graciously restor'd,
And made henceforth, alive to God,
Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

H Y M N II.

*To Winchester Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

†† C Hrist from the Dead is rais'd, and made
The first Fruits of the Tomb;
For as by Man came Death, by Man
Did Resurrection come.
•• For, as in Adam, all Mankind
Did Guilt and Death derive;
So by the Righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive,
¶ If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The Things that are above, where Christ
At God's right Hand is set.

† Rem. vi. 9.
†† 1 Cor. xv. 20.

• Rom. vi. 10.
•• 1 Cor. xv. 21.

¶ Rom. vi. 11.
¶ Coloss. iii. 1.

H Y M N

H Y M N III.

To Westminster Tune, or any other of eight and six Syllables.

THE Son of Righteousness is ris'n,
 And brings a glorious Day;
 Internal Fiends, and their dark Works,
 Before him flee away.
 They that in Error's fatal Chains
 The captiv'd World had led,
 Are by our mighty Prince of Peace
 His conquer'd Captives made.
 Let then the universal World
 Revere and know their King:
 With Joy submit to him, who does
 Such great Salvation bring.
 Ye Nations of the Earth rejoice,
 And all your Voices raise,
 The Wond'rous Faithfulness, and Love,
 Of our great God to praise.

H Y M N IV.

To Illesley Tune, or any other of eight and eight Syllables.

CH R I S T from the Grave is risen to Day,
 Let Sons of Men and Angels say:
 Raise then your Joys and Triumphs high;
 Sing all ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.
 Mankind's Redemption now is done;
 Our Fight is fought——our Battle won:

B

Lo!

10 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Lo! now our Sun's Eclipse is o'er ;
Lo! he can set in Blood no more.

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal ;
For Christ hath burst the Gates of Hell ;
In vain did Death forbid his Rise,
For Christ hath open'd Paradise.

Lives then again our gracious King ;
Where, where, O Death's thy boasted Sting ?
In dying once, he all doth save :
Where's now thy Victory, O Grave ?

What, if that once we perish'd all,
As Partners in our Parents fall ?
A second Life we all receive ;
We in our Heav'nly Adam live.

Hail then, the Lord of Life, and Heav'n ;
Be endless Praises to him given :
Risen with him, we'll upwards move,
And ever seek the Things above.

H Y M N V.

*To London new Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

IF Angels sung a Saviour's Birth,
On that auspicious Morn ;
We well may imitate their Mirth,
Now he again is born.
He, frail Mortality shook off,
Put Incorruption on ;
And he that late was crown'd in Scoff,
Now fills the eternal Throne.
Grieve not, vain Man, who Mortal art,
That thou to Earth must fall ;

It was his Portion ; 'twas the Part
Of him that sav'd us all.
Himself he humbl'd to the Grave,
Made Flesh, like us, to shew,
That we as certainly shall have
A Resurrection too.
Let Heav'n and Earth in Consent joyn'd,
His boundless Mercies sing ;
Ev'n Hell does now a Conq'ror find,
And Death has lost his Sting.
If when in *Eden*, *Adam* fell,
The whole Creation groan'd ;
The whole Creation sure should smile
Now Justice is atton'd.
Hence all ye Faithless, far away,
That this great Myst'ry slight ;
They that deny an endless Day,
Will find an endless Night.
Beyond Time's short and scanty Bounds,
The Soul shall surely live ;
But when the last loud Trumpet sounds,
You'll then, too late, believe.

For Whitsunday.

Four Translations of Veni Creator Spiritus.

Veni Creator. H Y M N I.

*To London new Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
 Inspire the Souls of thine,
 Till ev'ry Heart which thou hast made
 Is fill'd with Grace Divine.
 Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
 Of God, and Fire of Love;
 The everlasting Spring of Joy,
 And Uction from above.
 Thy Gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
 God's Laws in each true Heart:
 The Promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly Speech impart.
 Enlighten our dark Souls, till they
 Thy sacred Love embrace;
 Assist our Minds (by Nature frail,)
 With thy celestial Grace.
 Drive far from us the mortal Foe,
 And give us Peace within;
 That by thy Guidance blest, we may
 Escape the Snares of Sin.
 Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son, from Death reviv'd;
 And with them both, Thee, Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both deriv'd.
 With thee, O Father, therefore may
 The Son, from Death restor'd,

And

And sacred Comforter, one God
 devoutly be ador'd ;
 As in all Ages heretofore
 Has constantly been done,
 As now it is ; and shall be so,
 When Time his Course has run.

Veni Creator. HYMN II.

*To Holy Tune, or any other of eight and eight
 Syllables.*

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come
 And visit all the Souls of thine ;
 Thou hast inspir'd our Hearts with Life,
 Inspire them now with Life Divine.
 Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
 Of God most high ; the Fire of Love,
 The Everlasting Spring of Joy,
 And holy Unction from above.
 Thy Gifts are manifold ; thou writ'st
 God's Laws in ev'ry faithful Heart :
 The Promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly Eloquence impart.
 Enlighten our dark Souls, till they
 Thy Love, thy heav'nly Love embrace,
 And (since we are by Nature frail)
 Assist us with thy saving Grace.
 Drive far from us the mortal Foe,
 And grant us to have Peace within ;
 That with thy Light and Guidance blest,
 We may escape the Snares of Sin.
 Teach us the Father to confess,
 And Son, who from the Grave reviv'd ;
 And, with the Father, and the Son,
 Thee Holy Ghost, from both deriv'd.

With

14 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

With thee, O Father, therefore may
The Son, who was from Death restor'd,
And sacred Comforter, one God,
To endless Ages be ador'd.

Veni Creator, in the Language of our
Church. H Y M N III.

*To the 100 Psalm Tune, or any other of eight and
eight Syllables.*

COME, Holy Ghost, our Souls inspire,
And lighten with Celestial Fire.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy seven-fold Gifts impart.

Thy blessed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love.
Enable with perpetual Light,
The Dulness of our blinded Sight.

Anoint and chear our soiled Face
With the Abundance of thy Grace.
Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home;
Where thou art Guide, no Ill can come.

Be then our Leader and our Guide,
And never let us from thee slide.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One.

That through the Ages all along,
This may be our endless Song :

• Praise to thy eternal Merit,
• Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Veni

Veni Creator. H Y M N IV.

To the old 113th Psalm Tune.

Creator, Spirit, by whose Aid
The World's Foundations first were laid,
Come, visit ev'ry pious Mind,
Come, pour thy Joys on Human-kind ;
From Sin and Sorrow set us free,
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O Source of uncreated Light !
The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
Thrice Holy Fount ! thrice Holy Fire !
Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire ;
Come, and thy sacred Unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sev'n-fold Energy :
Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth command,
Who does the Gift of Tongues dispence,
And crown thy Gifts with Eloquence.

Refine and Purge our earthly Parts,
But oh ! inflame and fire our Hearts :
Our Frailties help, our Vice controul,
Submit the Senses to the Soul ;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then by thy Hand, and hold them down,

Chase from our Mind th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of Love, bestow ;
And lest our Feet shou'd step astray,
Protect and guide us in the Way :
Make us eternal Truths receive,
And practise all that we believe,

Immortal

16 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Immortal Honour, endless Fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :
And equal Adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete to thee.

For Whitsunday.

H Y M N V.

C O M E, Holy Spirit, send down those
Beams,
Which gently flow in silent Streams,
From thy bright Throne above ;
Come thou Enricher of the Poor,
And bounteous Source of all our Store ;
Come, fill us with thy Love.
Come thou, our Souls delicious Guest,
The wearied Pilgrim's sweetest Rest ;
The Suff'rer's best Relief :
Come thou, our Passions cool Allay,
Whose Comfort wipes all Tears away,
And turns to Joy all Grief.
Come thou bright Sun, shoot home thy Darts,
Pierce to the Center of our Hearts,
And make our Faith love thee ;
Without thy Grace, without thy Light,
Our Strength is Weakness, our Day, Night,
We cannot move, or see.
Lord, wash our sinful Stains away,
Water from Heav'n our barren Clay,
Our many Bruises heal ;

To

To thy sweet Yoke, our stiff Necks bow,
 Warm with thy Fire our Hearts of Snow,
 Our Wandring Feet repel.
 O grant thy Faithful, dearest Lord,
 Whose only Hope is thy sure Word,
 The sev'n Gifts of thy Spirit;
 Grant us in Life t'obey thy Grace,
 Grant us, at Death, to see thy Face,
 And endless Joys inherit.

H Y M N VI.

To Southwell, or St. Peter's Tune.

COME, mild and holy Dove,
 Descend into our Breast :
 Do thou in us, make us in thee,
 For ever dwell and rest.
 Come, and spread o'er our Heads
 Thy soft, all-cherishing Wing;
 That in its Shade we safe may sit,
 And to thee Praises sing.
 To thee, who giv'st us Life,
 Our better Life of Grace :
 Who giv'st us Breath, and Strength, and Speed
 To run, and win our Race.
 If by the Way we faint,
 Thou reachest forth thy Hand ;
 If our own Weakness makes us fall,
 Thou mak'st our Weakness stand.
 When we are sliding back,
 Thou dost our Danger stop ;
 When we again, alas ! are fall'n,
 Again thou tak'st us up :

18 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Else there we still must lie,
 And still sink lower down:
 Our Hope to rise is all from thee,
 Our Ruin's all our own.
 O my ingrateful Soul!
 What shall our Dullness do
 For him who does all this for us,
 Only our Love to woo?
 We'll love thee then, dear Lord;
 But thou must give that Love:
 We'll humbly beg it of thy Grace;
 But thou our Pray'rs must move.
 O hear thy own self speak;
 For thou in us dost pray:
 Thou can'st as quickly grant as ask;
 Thy Grace knows no Delay.

For Whitsunday.

H Y M N VII.

*To the old 81st Psalm Tune, or any other of eight
 and six Syllables.*

HE's come:— Let ev'ry Knee be bent,
 All Hearts new Joy resume;
 Let Nations sing with one Consent,
 " *The Comforter is come.*
 No anxious Thoughts molest our Peace;
 This Day all Grief retire;
 Let ev'ry Fear for ever cease,
 And ev'ry Doubt expire.
 There is no End of the Content,
 And Joy the Spirit brings:

Happy

Happy the Man to whom 'tis lent !
 That Man sees wondrous Things.
 What greater Gift, what greater Love,
 Can God on Men bestow ?
 'Tis Half the Angels Heav'n above,
 And all our Heav'n below.
 Hail ! blessed Spirit ! — not a Soul,
 But does thy Influence feel :
 Thou dost our darling Sins controul,
 And fix our wav'ring Zeal.
 Thou to the Conscience dost convey
 The Checks that all must know ;
 Thy Motions first does point the Way,
 Then gives us Strength to go.
 As Pilots by the Compass steer,
 Till they their Harbour find ;
 So do thy sacred Breathings here,
 Guide ev'ry wandring Mind.
 The Flesh may strive our Course t'impeach,
 The World's rough Billows roar ;
 But following thee, we're sure to reach
 The safe, eternal Shore.

For New-Year's Day.

The SONG of the three Holy Children, in which all Creatures and Things are invited to give GOD Praise.

Benedicite, omnia Opera Domini.

To it's proper Tune.

1. **O** all ye Works of God the Lord, bless ye the Lord, praise him, and magnify him for ever.
2. O all ye Angels of the Lord, &c.
3. O ye the starry Heav'ns high, &c.
4. O ye the Waters 'bove the Sky, &c.
5. O all ye Powers of the Lord, &c.
6. O ye the shining Sun and Moon, &c.
7. O ye the glitt'ring Stars of Heav'n, &c.
8. O ye the Show'rs and dropping Dews, &c.
9. Ye stormy Winds, and whispering Gales, &c.
10. O ye the Fire, and warming Heat, &c.
11. Ye Winter and the Summer Tide, &c.
12. O ye the Dews, and binding Frosts, &c.
13. O ye the Hail, and chilling Cold, &c.
14. O ye congealed Ice and Snow, &c.
15. O fable Night and lightsome Day, &c.
16. O ye the Darkness and the Light, &c.
17. O ye the Lightnings and the Clouds, &c.
18. Earth's spacious Globe and all therein, &c.
19. O all ye Mountains and ye Hills, &c.
20. O ye all green Things on the Earth, &c.
21. O ye the ever springing Walls, &c.
22. O ye the Rivers, Seas, and Floods, &c.
23. Ye Whales that on the Surges ride, &c.
24. And

24. And Fish that thro' the Waters glide, &c.
25. O all ye Fowls that wing the Air, &c.
26. O all wild Beasts, and gentle Folds, &c.
27. O all ye Children of Mankind, &c.
28. O all ye holy Priests of God, &c.
29. O all ye Servants of the Lord, &c.
30. Ye Holy, and ye Meek of Heart, &c.
31. Ye Saints and Souls of righteous Men, bless
ye the Lord, praise him and magnify
him for ever.

For Epiphany.

To the 100 Psalm Tune, or any other of eight and eight Syllables.

YE Sons of Men behold from far,
And hail the long expected Star;
Jehovah's Star that gilds the Night,
And guides bewilder'd Nations right.

Fear not from hence that Ills shou'd flow,
Or Wars or Pestilence below:
For Wars and Tumults it bids cease,
And ushers in the Prince of Peace.

Mildly he shines on all beneath,
And pierces thro' the Shades of Death:
He scatters Errors wide spreads Night,
And kindles Darknefs into Light.

Ye Nations all, far off, and near,
Hasten to see your God appear:
Hasten, for him your Hearts prepare,
And meet him manifested there.

In them behold the Day spring rise,
Chasing vile Objects from your Eyes;

God

God in his perfect Light survey,
Shining to everlasting Day.

Sing then ye Morning Stars again,
For God descends on Earth to reign:
He deigns on Earth his Life t'employ—
Shout then ye Sons of God for Joy.

For Ash-Wednesday.

The LAMENTATION of a SINNER.

To Martyrs, Canterbury, or Sandwich Tunes.

O Lord, turn not thy Face from me,
Who lye in woful State,
Lamenting all my sinful Life
Before thy Mercy Gate:
A Gate that opens wide to those
That do lament their Sin:
Shut not that Gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
And call me not to strict Account,
How I have sojourn'd here:
For then my guilty Conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
I need not to confess my Life
To thee, who best can tell
What I have been, and what I am;
I know thou know'st it well.
The Circumstances of my Crimes,
Their Number, and their Kind,
Thou know'st 'em all, and more, much more
Than I can call to Mind.

Therefore

Therefore, with Tears, I come to beg
 Of my offended God,
 For Pardon, like a Child that dreads
 His angry Parent's Rod.
 So come I to thy Mercy Gate,
 Where Mercy doth abound,
 Imploring Pardon for my Sin,
 To heal my deadly Wound.
 O Lord, I need not to repeat
 The Comfort I would have:
 Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask
 The Blessing I do crave.
 Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask;
 This is the total Sum:
 For Mercy, Lord, is all my Suit,
 Lord, let thy Mercy come.

For Good-Friday.

H Y M N I.

*To Windsor Tune, or any other of eight and six
 Syllables.*

BEHOLD the Saviour of Mankind,
 Nail'd to the shameful Tree!
 How vast the Love that him inclin'd
 To bleed and die for thee.
 Hark, how he groans! while Nature shakes,
 and Earth's strong Pillars bend!
 The Temple's Veil in sunder breaks;
 The solid Marbles rend.
 'Tis done! — the precious Ransom's paid;
 Receive my Soul, he cries!

See

24 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

See where he bows his sacred Head!
He bows his Head, and dies!
But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain,
And in full Glory shine!
O Lamb of God, was ever Pain,
Was ever Love like thine!

H Y M N II.

*To Warwick Tune, or any other of eight and eight
Syllables.*

DEAR Saviour, Oh! what ails this Heart?
Sure 'tis of Stone, it cannot smart,
Nor yet relent the Death of thee,
Whose Death alone cou'd ransom me.
Can I think on thy Pains so great,
Thy dying Sighs, thy bloody Sweat,
Thy Back with Whips and Scourges torn,
Thy sacred Temples crown'd with Thorn:
Thy Hands and Feet nail'd to the Wood,
And all thy Body drown'd in Blood;
Coud'st thou pour forth such Streams for me
And I not drop one Tear for thee?
Live, oh! for ever live, and reign
Blest Lamb, whom thy own Love hast slain:
And may thy lost Sheep live to be
True Lovers of thy Cross and Thee.

H Y M N

HYMN III.

*To Southampton Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

NO Songs of Triumph now be sung,
Cease all your sprightly Airs;
Let Sorrow silence ev'ry Tongue,
And Joy dissolve to Tears.
See where opprobriously, for us,
Our bleeding Saviour's nail'd!
Ah! see! while Death he suffers thus,
How much our Sins prevail'd.
We were devoted to the Stroke,
At us the Bolt was thrown;
He stept between, the Torture took,
And made our Guilt his own.
Ah! think what Agonies he felt,
How vast the Weight he bore!
And let your Souls in Weeping melt,
And bleed at ev'ry Pore.
Desponding—Let all Heads decline,
All Arms be hung a-cross;
Let Angels in our Sorrows join,
And Nature groan his Loss.
The op'ning Graves, the Temple torn,
Our stony Hearts shou'd rend:
Shou'd make us melt, shou'd make us mourn,
Not only mourn, but mend.
If at this Sight we don't repent,
What other Sight can move;
Ingrateful, should we not relent,
And pay such Love, with Love?
If still Contrition is forgot,
And we our Sins retain;

See where he bows his sacred Head!

He bows his Head, and dies!

But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain,

And in full Glory shine!

O Lamb of God, was ever Pain,

Was ever Love like thine!

HYMN II.

To Warwick Tune, or any other of eight and eight Syllables.

DEAR Saviour, Oh! what ails this Heart?
Sure 'tis of Stone, it cannot smart,
Nor yet relent the Death of thee,
Whose Death alone cou'd ransom me.

Can I think on thy Pains so great,
Thy dying Sighs, thy bloody Sweat,
Thy Back with Whips and Scourges torn,
Thy sacred Temples crown'd with Thorn:
Thy Hands and Feet nail'd to the Wood,
And all thy Body drown'd in Blood;
Coud'st thou pour forth such Streams for me
And I not drop one Tear for thee?

Live, oh! for ever live, and reign
Blest Lamb, whom thy own Love hast slain:
And may thy lost Sheep live to be
True Lovers of thy Cross and Thee.

HYMN

HYMN III.

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Syllables.*

NO Songs of Triumph now be sung,
Cease all your sprightly Airs;
Let Sorrow silence ev'ry Tongue,
And Joy dissolve to Tears.
See where opprobriously, for us,
Our bleeding Saviour's nail'd!
Ah! see! while Death he suffers thus,
How much our Sins prevail'd.
We were devoted to the Stroke,
At us the Bolt was thrown;
He stept between, the Torture took,
And made our Guilt his own.
Ah! think what Agonies he felt,
How vast the Weight he bore!
And let your Souls in Weeping melt,
And bleed at ev'ry Pore.
Desponding—Let all Heads decline,
All Arms be hung a-cross;
Let Angels in our Sorrows join,
And Nature groan his Loss.
The op'ning Graves, the Temple torn,
Our stony Hearts shou'd rend:
Shou'd make us melt, shou'd make us mourn,
Not only mourn, but mend.
If at this Sight we don't repent,
What other Sight can move;
Ingrateful, should we not relent,
And pay such Love, with Love?
If still Contrition is forgot,
And we our Sins retain;

As far as it concerns our Lot,
He yet, but dy'd in vain.

HYMN IV.

ADORE, blest *Jesu*, who came down
From the bright Spheres of Joy above,
To purchase us a dear-bought Crown,
And woo our Souls t'espouse his Love.
Long had the World in Darkness sat,
Till our Redeemer's glorious Light
Began to dawn from Heav'ns fair Gate,
And with their Beams dispell'd the Night.
We too, alas! still here had stood,
As common Slaves in the same Shade;
But Mercy came, and with his Blood,
Our gen'ral Ransom freely paid.
Not all the Spite of wicked *Jews*,
Nor Death itself cou'd him remove;
Still he his blest Design pursues
And gives his Life to take our Love.
And now, our Lord, our God, our all;
What shall we most in thee admire;
That Pow'r that made the World, and shall
The World again dissolve by Fire?
O no; thy strange Humility,
Thy Wounds, thy Pain, thy Cross, thy
Death:
These shall alone our Wonder be,
Our Health, our Staff, our Joy, our Breath.

HYMN

H Y M N V.

COME, let's adore the King of Love,
And King of Sufferings too ;
For Love it was that brought him down,
And set him here in Woe.
Love drew him from his Paradise,
Where Flow'rs that fade not grow ;
And planted him in our poor Dust,
Among us Weeds below.
Here for a Time this heav'nly Plant
Fairly grew up and thriv'd ;
Diffus'd its Sweetness all about,
And all its Sweetness liv'd.
But envious Frosts and furious Storms,
So long, so fiercely chide ;
This tender Flow'r at last bow'd down
Its bruised Head, and dy'd.
O narrow Thoughts, and narrow'r Speech,
Here your Defects confess ;
The Life of Christ, the Death of God,
How faintly you express.
May he who from a Virgin Root,
Made this fair Flow'r to spring,
Help us to raise both Heart and Voice,
And with more Spirit sing.

For Ascension Day.

H Y M N I.

To the 100 Psalm Tune, or any other of eight and eight Syllables.

JESU a while to Mortals giv'n,
Now re-ascends his native Heav'n ;
Hail the blest Day that saw him rise,
Tho' ravish'd from our wishful Eyes.

Tho' re-assuming his great Throne,
Still he does call Mankind his own ;
Him, tho' the highest Heav'ns receives,
Still he does love the Earth he leaves.

See ! how he lifts his Hands above :
See ! how he shews the Prints of Love ;
Hark ! how his gracious Lips bestow
Sweet Blessings on his Church below.

Still, still for us his Death he pleads ;
All-prevalent he intercedes ;
Near to himself prepares our Place :
The Harbinger of human Race.

Grant, Lord, tho' parted from our Sight,
Above the Sun's resplendent Height ;
Grant that our Hearts may thither rise
And follow thee beyond the Skies.

There let us blest with thee remain,
Partaker of thy endless Reign ;
Thy Face let's there unclouded see,
And find our Heav'ns of Heav'ns in thee.

HYMN II.

WAKE, O my Soul; and quit this Bed
Of dull and sluggish Earth;
Quickly arise, lift up thy Head,
And see thy Lord's New Birth.
Lately he came, O blessed He!
Born of a Virgin's Womb;
Again he comes (both Times for thee)
Sprung from a Virgin Tomb.
Lo! he arises fresh and bright,
Encircled round with Stars;
Which from him borrow all their Light,
And from his glorious Scars.
Still as he his bright Progress makes
Up to his Heav'n again;
Each Blessed Saint his Musick takes,
And follows in his Train.
Thus all together they ascend,
Till at Heav'n's Gate they come,
Where all the Holy Angels tend
To bid him welcome home.
They quickly know again their King;
Soon they his Call obey;
The sev'ral Choirs come forth to sing,
And crown with Mirth the Day.
Come then my Soul, let us rejoyce,
Let us our Consort bring;
Upwards to Heav'n let's lift our Voice
And with the Angels sing,
All Glory, Honour, Pow'r and Praise,
To the mysterious Three;
As at the first Beginning was,
May now, and ever be,

For the Holy Communion.

Five Hymns taken from the Revelations.

HYMN I.

To York Tune, or any other of eight and six Syllables.

THOU God, all Glory, Honour, Pow'r,
 Art worthy to receive,
 Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
 And by thy Bounty live.
 † And worthy is the Lamb, all Pow'r,
 Honour and Wealth, to gain
 Glory and Strength ; who for our Sins
 A Sacrifice was slain.
 ‖ All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd
 And ransom'd us to God,
 From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coast,
 By thy most precious Blood.
 ** Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
 By all in Earth and Heav'n,
 To him that sits upon the Throne,
 And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN II.

†† **A**LL ye who faithful Servants are
 Of our Almighty King;
 Both high, and low, and small and great,
 His Praise devoutly sing.

* Revelation, chap. iv. † Chap. v. 12 ‖ Ver. 9.
 ** Ver. 13. †† Chap. xix 5.

* Let us rejoyce, and render Thanks
 To his most holy Name ;
 Rejoyce, rejoyce, for now is come,
 The Marriage of the Lamb.
 † O therefore blest is ev'ry one
 Who to the Marriage Feast,
 And Holy Supper of the Lamb,
 Is call'd a welcome Guest.

H Y M N III.

To the 148 Psalm Tune.

|| **G**LORY to God proclaim,
 Ye Saints both great and small ;
 Let those that fear his Name,
 And on his Mercies call,
 In different Ways,
 Their Tribute bring,
 Of Thanks and Praise,
 To Christ our King.
 ** How happy, and how blest
 Must be the welcome Guest,
 Who at the Holy Board,
 Does feast with Christ the Lord !
 †† Then render Fame
 Dominion, Hon'r
 Strength, Might, and Pow'r
 To God supream.
 ||| The Kingdoms of this World
 Shall ev'ry one become,

* Revelations, Chap. xix. 7. † Verse 8. || Verse 5.
 ** Verse 8. †† Chap. iv. 8. ||| Chap. xii. 10.

The Kingdoms of our God,
And *Jefus Chrift* his Son:
With Majesty
He reigns on High
Eternally
Hallelujah.

H Y M N IV.

To the 100 Psalm Tune.

* **M**OST holy, holy, holy Lord,
Almighty's thy adored Name ;
Which *was* before all Time, and *is*,
And ever *shall be* still the same.

All Glory, Pow'r, and Honour, thou
Alone art worthy to receive:
For all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
All by, and for thy Pleasure live.

† To thee, O spotless Lamb of God,
Riches and Pow'r of Right belong ;
Wisdom and Honour, conq'ring Strength,
Glory, and ev'ry praising Song.

‖ Thou for to expiate our Sins
Wast slain, and by thy precious Blood,
From ev'ry Nation, Tribe and Tongue,
Thou hast redeemed us to God.

** Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r,
Ever by all in Earth and Heav'n,
To him that sits upon the Throne,
And to the Lamb of God be giv'n.

* Revelations, Chap. iv. 8. † Chap. v. 12. ‖ Verse 9.
** Verse 13.

H Y M N V.

* **Y**E faithful Servants of the Lord
See that his Death ye celebrate:
And ye that fear him sing aloud
Your Praise to God, both small and great.

† For Salvation to th' Saints is come,
God's Strength and mighty Aids appear,
T' advance his Kingdom among Men,
Who shall the Name of Christ revere.

|| O thou great Ruler of the World,
Thy glorious Works our Wonder raise;
Thou ever blessed King of Saints,
How true and righteous are thy Ways.

** Who would not fear and glorify
Thy Name, thou only Holy One?
The World shall come and worship thee,
To whom thy Judgments are made known.

†† Let then both Heav'n and Earth aloud
Their praising Hallelujah's sing;
For the Lord God Almighty reigns,
And shews himself a glorious King.

H Y M N VI.

BEHOLD, we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy Throne:
We come to offer on our Knee,
Our Vows to thee alone.

* Revelation, chap. xix. 5. † Chap. xii. 10.
|| Chap. xv. 3. ** Ver. 4. †† Chap. xix. 6.

Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
 Thy Bounty freely gave;
 Thou dost us here in Mercy spare,
 And wilt hereafter save.
 Thy Bounty gives us, ev'n Thyself,
 And we Thyself refuse:
 Too oft before the Bread of Life
 The Food of Death we chule.
 O! make us then so use this World,
 That we the other gain:
 O make us so the other love,
 That we its Joys attain.
 Guide then our Ways, who art Thyself
 Our everlasting End:
 That ev'ry Step, or swift, or slow,
 Still to Thyself may tend.

At Funeral Sermons.

HYMN I.

To the 25th Psalm Tune.

O Thou our Soul's chief Hope,
 We to thy Mercy fly;
 Where'er we are, thou can'st protect
 Whate'er we need, supply.
 Whether we live, or die,
 Both we submit to thee;
 In Death we live, as well as Life,
 If thine in Death we be.
 O may we turn our Thoughts
 On these concerning Cares;

How

How to redeem our mispent Time,
 In Sighs, and Tears, and Pray'rs
 How to provide for Heav'n,
 That Place of Rest and Peace,
 Where our full Joys shall never waite,
 Our Pleasures never cease.

HYMN H.

AND do we then believe
 There is a World to come,
 Where all this World shall summon'd be
 To take their final Doom?
 Is there a Heav'n indeed,
 To crown the Innocent?
 Is there a Hell, and horrid Pains
 The Wicked to torment?
 Are these eternal too,
 And never to have End?
 Shall never these Delights decay,
 These Sorrows never mend?
 Good God! is all this true?
 And sure most true it is;
 And yet we live as if there were
 Nothing so false as this!
 O quicken, Lord, our Faith
 Of these great Hopes and Fears;
 And make the last Day's Trumpet be
 Still sounding in our Ears.
 Still make this glorious Hope
 Shine bright before our Eyes;
 We shall at last go up to meet
 Our Jesus in the Skies.

36 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Come, Jesu, come, and take
Our banish'd Souls to thee ;
Come quickly, Lord, that in thy Light,
Our Eyes thy Light may see.

H Y M N III.

*To Manchester Tune, or any other of eight and six
Syllables.*

LORD, who shall abide with thee,
There on thy Holy Hill,
Who shall those glorious Prospects see,
That Heav'n with Gladness fill ?
Those happy Souls, who prize that Life
Above the bravest here ;
Whose greatest Hopes, whose eagerest Strife
Is once to settle there.
They use this World, but value that
That they supremely love ;
They travel thro' this present State,
But place their Home above.
Lord! who are they that thus chuse thee,
But those thou first did'st chuse ?
To whom thou gav'st thy Grace most free,
Thy Grace not to refuse.
We of ourselves can nothing do,
But all on Thee depend ;
Thine is the Work and Wages too,
Thine both the Way and End.
O make us still our Work attend,
And we'll not doubt our Pay ;
We will not fear a blessed End,
If thou but guide the Way.

H Y M N

HYMN IV.

WHY do we seek Felicity,
Where 'tis not to be found ;
And not, dear Lord, look up to Thee,
Where all Delights abound ?
O World, how little do thy Joys
Concern a Soul, that knows
Itself not made for such low Joys
As thy poor Hand bestows ?
How cross art thou to that Design
For which we had our Birth !
Us, who are made in Heav'n to shine,
Thou bow'st down to the Earth.
World, take away thy Tinsel Wares,
That dazzle here our Eyes ;
Let us go up above the Stars,
Where all our Treasure lies.
The Way we know ; our dearest Lord
Himself is gone before ;
And has engag'd his faithful Word
To open us the Door.
Then, O our God, reach down thine Hand
And take us up to thee :
That we about thy Throne may stand,
And all thy Glories see.

HYMN V.

Proper at the Death of a FRIEND.

SINCE our good Friend's prepar'd to rest,
 Within the silent Grave;
 Let's hope his Soul's among the blest,
 And fruitless Sorrow wave.
 So is our Loss his greatest Gain;
 Let no rude Hand annoy,
 His Dust which rests (exempt from Pain)
 In Hope of future Joy.
 We at the great discerning Day,
 Shall all together meet;
 And then our awful Homage pay
 At our kind Master's Feet.
 When the great Judge from his high Throne,
 Bright Crowns of Gold shall give,
 To such as have his Precepts known,
 And study'd well to live.
 Oh! let us then our Hearts prepare
 For that uncertain Hour;
 When Death shall end our Pain and Care
 With Sin and Satan's Pow'r.
 Lord, give us Grace, our Time to spend
 In Virtue's prudent Way;
 That when we a'proach our latter End,
 No Guilt may us dismay.

HYMN VI.

WHEN rising from the Bed of Death,
 O'er-whelm'd with Guilt and Fear
 I see my Maker Face to Face,
 O how shall I appear!

If yet while Pardon may be found,
 And Mercy may be sought,
 My Heart with inward Horror shrinks,
 And Trembles at the Thought ;
 When thou O Lord, shall stand disclos'd
 In Majesty severe,
 And sit in Judgment on my Soul,
 Oh ! how shall I appear !
 But thou hast told the troubled Mind
 Who does her Sins lament,
 The timely Tribute of her Tears,
 Shall endless Woes prevent.
 Then see the Sorrow of my Heart,
 E'er yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
 To give those Sorrows Weight.
 For never shall my Soul despair
 Her Pardon to procure,
 Who knows thine only Son has dy'd
 To make her Pardon sure.

An HYMN on the Divine Use of MUSICK.

WE sing to thee, whose Wisdom form'd,
 The curious *Organ* of the *Ear* ;
 And thou, who gav'st us Voices, Lord,
 Our grateful Songs in Kindness hear.
 We'll joy in God, who is the Spring
 Of lawful Joy, and harmless Mirth ;
 Whose boundless Love is justly call'd
The Harmony of Heav'n and Earth.
 Thy Praises, dearest Lord, aloud
 Our grateful Anthems shall rehearse ;

Which

40 H Y M N S for Festivals, &c.

Which rightly tun'd, are rightly stil'd
The Musick of the *Universe*.
And whilst we sing, we'll consecrate
To thee, that violated Art,
In off'ring up, by ev'ry Tongue,
With ev'ry Song, a flaming Heart.
We'll hallow Pleasure, and redeem
From vulgar Use, our tuneful Voice;
Those Lips that wantonly have sung,
Shall be employ'd in nobler Joys.
Thus we poor Mortals, here on Earth
Will imitate the Heav'nly Choirs;
And in exalted Notes, we'll send
In holy Hymns our rais'd Desires.
And that we may be sure above,
When there we come, our Part to know,
We'll practise, both at Church and Home,
Our *Hallelujahs*, here below.

F I N I S.

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THE CONTENTS.

For Christmas Day.

H YMN I. <i>The Angel's Song, Luke ii. from Verse 8 to 15. While Shepherds watch'd, &c.</i>	Page 3
HYMN II. <i>Hark how the Seraph, &c.</i>	4
HYMN III. <i>What Words, what Voices, &c.</i>	5
AN ODE. <i>Peace o'er the World, &c.</i>	6

For Easter-Sunday.

HYMN I. <i>Since Christ our Passover, is slain</i>	7
HYMN II. <i>Christ from the Dead, &c.</i>	8
HYMN III. <i>The Son of Righteousness, &c.</i>	9
HYMN IV. <i>Christ from the Grave, &c.</i>	9
HYMN V. <i>If Angels sung, &c.</i>	10

For Whitsunday.

HYMN I. <i>Veni Creator Spiritus</i>	Page 12
HYMN II. <i>Ibidem</i>	13
HYMN III. <i>Veni Creator in the Language of our Church</i>	14
HYMN IV. <i>Veni Creator, paraphras'd by Mr. Dryden</i>	15
HYMN V. <i>Come Holy Spirit, &c.</i>	16
HYMN VI. <i>Come mild and holy Dove</i>	17
HYMN VII. <i>He's come, &c.</i>	18

For New-Year's Day.

<i>The Song of the three Holy Children, &c.</i>	20
---	----

For the Epiphany.

<i>The Sons of Men behold from far.</i>	21
---	----

For Ash-Wednesday.

<i>The Lamentation of a Sinner</i>	22
------------------------------------	----

For Good-Friday.

HYMN I. <i>Behold the Saviour, &c.</i>	23
HYMN II. <i>Dear Saviour, O! &c.</i>	24
HYMN III. <i>No Songs of Triumph, &c.</i>	25
HYMN IV. <i>Adore, blest Jesu, &c.</i>	26
HYMN V. <i>Come, let's adore, &c.</i>	27
For	

For Ascension Day.

HYMN I. <i>Jesu awhile, &c.</i>	Page 28
HYMN II. <i>Wake, O my Soul, &c.</i>	29

For the Holy Communion.

HYMN I. <i>Taken from the Revelations</i>	30
HYMN II. <i>Ditto</i>	ibid.
HYMN III. <i>Ditto</i>	31
HYMN IV. <i>Ditto</i>	32
HYMN V. <i>Ditto</i>	33
HYMN VI. <i>Behold we come, &c.</i>	ibid.

At Funeral Sermons.

HYMN I. <i>O thou our Soul's chief Hope</i>	34
HYMN II. <i>And do we then believe</i>	35
HYMN III. <i>Lord, who shall abide, &c.</i>	36
HYMN IV. <i>Why do we seek Felicity,</i>	37
HYMN V. <i>Proper at the Death of a Friend</i>	38
HYMN VI. <i>When rising from, &c.</i>	38

For St. Cecilia's-Day.

AN HYMN <i>on the Divine Use of Musick.</i>	We
<i>sing to thee whose Wisdom, &c.</i>	39

For Ascension Day.

Hymn I. *Jesus ascends, &c.*
Hymn II. *Wake, O my soul, &c.*
Page 23

For the Holy Communion.

Hymn I. *Taken from the Revelations*
Hymn II. *Ditto*
Hymn III. *Ditto*
Hymn IV. *Ditto*
Hymn V. *Ditto*
Hymn VI. *Behold we come, &c.*
Page 30

At Funerals.

Hymn I. *O thou that art a child of hope*
Hymn II. *And do we then believe*
Hymn III. *Lord, who shall abide, &c.*
Hymn IV. *Why do we seek for living*
Hymn V. *Prophet of the Death of a Friend*
Hymn VI. *When rising from, &c.*
Page 34

For St. Cecilia's-Day.

An Hymn on the Divine Use of Music.
Page 39

